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Original Communications.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

AMONG the remarkable objects which the lover of antiquities who visits the Rhine ought to see, is the Mouse Tower. It is a remarkable ruin. At present its dilapidation is very perfect. Though its massy walls still defy the storms, *et fuga temporum*, its windows are shattered, its doors, roofs, and floors have vanished. Here Solitude keeps her court, and brambles and nettles alone guard the approaches which were once protected by the swords and spears of warlike men.

It was an odd whim that gave this structure the name which it has now borne some six or seven centuries—that of the “Mouse.” We are told that, in or about the year eleven hundred and something, a small borough established here was annoyed and often threatened with destruction from a fortress which was called the Cat. The borough at length fell into the

hands of Kuno de Falkenstein, and he did what its formidable neighbours had only threatened—fairly put the borough out of existence, and then raised the structure which remains, and which he made much larger than its pugnacious neighbour. It was his humour to honour it with the title of the Mouse, that thenceforth, on that spot, the ordinary course of things might be inverted, as he declared “the mouse should devour the cat.”

In this he did not deceive himself. “*The cat has had her day.*” She has fallen before the mighty mouse; we find nothing of the former but her tale.

The mouse in its time must have been of great strength. It is reported to have harboured beings from the other world, some of whom, the peasants in its vicinity believe, still reside in it. This, however, is discredited by a modern traveller.

“I wandered,” says Victor Hugo (we quote Aird’s lively translation), “first in one room, then in another: admiring at one time a beautiful turret; now descend-

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ing into a cave, groping my way through some subterraneous passage; then finding myself looking through an aperture which commanded a view of the Rhine.

"The sun at last began to disappear, which is the time for spectres and phantoms. I was still in the ruins. Indeed, it seemed to me as if I had become a wild schoolboy. I wandered everywhere; I climbed up every acclivity; I turned over the large stones; I eat wild mulberries; I tried by my noise to bring the supernatural inhabitants from their hiding-places; and, as I trod among the thick grass and herbs, I inhaled that acerb odour of the plants of old ruins which I so much loved in my boyhood.

"As the sun descended behind the mountains, I was about to follow his example, when I was startled by something strange moving by my side. I leant forward. It was a lizard of an extraordinary size—about nine inches long—with an immense belly, a short tail, a head like that of a viper, and black as jet—which was gliding slowly towards an opening in an old wall. That was the mysterious and solitary inhabitant of the ruin—an animal at the same time real and fabulous—a salamander, which looked at me with mildness as it entered its hole."

Some readers may possibly suspect M. Hugo came to a wrong conclusion, and that the object he saw was a ghost or fiend in the form of a lizard.

SEFI THE BLOOD-SHEDDER.

(Continued from page 215.)

BAGDAD was besieged by the Turks in the year 1632. Thither Shah Sefi directed his arms, and with such success that the assailants were compelled to withdraw. The officers who contributed to this result had not forgotten his former bloodthirsty doings, and it was feared that the triumphs which swelled his pride might cause the merciless Shah to revel in new atrocities. Some of the grandees were of opinion that he wished to be relieved from the whole of the nobles who surrounded him. It was proposed that they should concert the best means of averting such a catastrophe. Seinel Chan, who had formerly laboured zealously for the advancement of the despot, still retained kindness for him, or thought his own safety and promotion would be most favoured by betraying his companions. He advised him to do what it had been with reason suspected he had long contemplated—namely, to get them all effectually removed from his presence. His disclosure was listened to with attention.

"Thou speakest well," said Sefi, "thus counselling me to put away those whose power makes them formidable to my peace,

nor will I ungratefully neglect advice, so judicious in itself, and so admirably timed. With thy head will I begin; for thy age and great authority must needs make thee one of the leaders in the conspiracy. Thus shall I tread in the steps of the mighty Abbas, my grandfather, who was never tranquil till he had despatched him who held that office which is at present thine."

Such a reply confounded Seinel Chan. Whatever, under other circumstances, he might have attempted, a traitor to his order, he had no retreat. By humble submission to move compassion, was all he could hope to do. Pretending utter indifference as to what his own fate might be, he dutifully answered,

"The age which I have attained is such, that in the course of nature my days can be but few. Should my king be pleased to reduce that brief span, his will is my law, and I shall unrepining die. But a day must come when the great Sefi will do justice to the important disclosure that I have made, and lament the fate of the most faithful, most devoted servant who now stands before him.

The firmness and humility of Seinel made a powerful impression on the Shah. He doubted whether he had not gone too far, and resolved to deliberate before he finally sealed the fate of Chan. His mother had attended him, with the ladies of the seraglio, in his advance to Bagdad, and to her he determined to communicate all that he had heard. When he had done so, she was much amazed at the conspiracy said to exist, and, to obtain further information, she sent for Seinel privately to her apartments. There was nothing in the proceeding incompatible with the Shah's safety, but their meeting under such circumstances appeared to him an unpardonable offence, and in a glow of fury he hastened to the palace of the Princess, just as the aged Chan was about to take his departure, and stabbed him in the presence of his mother. She remonstrated with him on the folly as well as atrocity of his conduct, in thus putting to death one of the ablest ministers of his grandfather Abbas, and one who had evinced so much attachment to himself.

But men in power, as they advance in crime, seem really to become intoxicated with blood, and every pleasure which has no connexion with human sufferings becomes mean and insipid. He had opportunities for showing his cruelty on a great scale in the province of Kilan, where an insurrection broke out under one Karib, who appears to have been "*Atavis editis Regibus*," as he could claim descent from the ancient kings of Labetzan. Karib was, at first, successful; but giving himself up too soon to exultation over the victory he had gained, he was attacked by the

armies of Sefi, and sustained a total defeat. The Shah put to death, with refined cruelty, many of his captives, and expressed great anxiety to have their late chief in his power. When his troops were routed, Karib fled, and concealed himself in a garden belonging to a Chan named Emir. He was discovered by a domestic; and in this unfortunate situation attempted to move compassion, giving money, jewels of great value, and promising future wealth to the menial, if he would provide him with a disguise, and favour his retreat. The man seemed to consent; but, as a first step towards guarding against recognition, he claimed Karib's cloak and sword. These were promptly surrendered, and as promisingly the receiver turned round upon him, and calling him "traitor," placed him in the hands of his dreaded enemy, Sefi.

To doom the unhappy rebel, now at his feet, to death, was not enough to satisfy his lust for vengeance. He would have the prisoner brought into his presence, that he might feast his eyes on his despair. He was surrounded by the beauties of his harem, and made a studiously ostentatious display of splendour, and all the creatures of his court were encouraged to jeer and outrage the wretched Karib. He was ordered to die; and Shah Sefi caused him, in the first instance, to be shod, both hands and feet, with iron like a horse, at the same time telling the helpless victim that this was done for his especial ease and comfort, for being accustomed to the soft and sandy ground of Kilan, the stony ways of Persia must of necessity annoy the hands and feet of one so delicate, unless some precaution were used to fortify them. Thus tortured, the captive languished for three days. All who came near rejoiced in his anguish, and no sympathizing friend could soothe his woe, and prepare the departing spirit for its last awful flight. At the end of the period which has been named, he was conveyed to the Maidau, or market-place, and there elevated on a lofty pole, to be shot at as a target. Sefi took his bow, and discharged the first arrow. He then called upon all about him, if they loved him, to do as he had done. A thousand bows were instantly bent—a thousand messengers of death in the next moment winged their way to Karib. The number that struck him was so great, that his corpse no longer presented anything at all resembling the form of a man. It was suffered to remain thus between heaven and earth, a strange nondescript object, for three days, before the poor privilege of a grave was conceded to the unfortunate Karib.

The fearful career of guilt which it has been seen Sefi commenced in wantonness, he continued to pursue without hesitation or remorse. He had not yet returned

from the expedition which has been mentioned, when being encamped near Tauria, Urgulu Chan, the lord high steward, on a day when he should have commanded the Shah's guard in person, was absent, having gone to an entertainment given by another high officer of the state, Tabub Chan, who was chancellor of the kingdom. The ordinary captain of the guard gave Urgulu Chan notice that his presence was required. The chancellor, being unwilling to lose his guest so soon, dismissed the captain, telling him he could do well enough without the high steward, as the king, being but a child, would take no notice of his absence, so the guard were properly set by the captain. The latter was reluctant to be put off, and pressed so earnestly for Urgulu's instant departure that it gave great offence, and he was finally sent away by force, very roughly treated, and even wounded by the servants.

The officer so dealt with seems, in the first instance, to have been animated by an honest desire to save Urgulu from the fatal consequences of his master's displeasure, but the outrage he had sustained changed the current of his feelings and rendered him wholly indifferent as to what befel one who had manifested so little gratitude. Bleeding as he was, he repaired to the Shah's tent, and there recounted, with some aggravation, what had passed. The despot foamed with rage at the language which had been held, and which he regarded as an insult to himself; it was not in the nature of things to forget or pardon. He laid his commands on the captain to be silent, and dismissed him for the night.

Sleep did not so compose Sefi's mind as to make him feel less resentment on the following morning. But no frown clouded his countenance, and no indication of rage gleamed from his eye. Tabub was received with smiles, and permitted to dine with his sovereign, and not a single circumstance or expression gave the doomed chancellor warning that that dinner was to be his last.

"Attached to me," said he, "you, as a faithful subject, of course feel that my honour must never be assailed by living man in wantonness."

Tabub intimated his perfect accordance with his imperial master in the sentiment which he had breathed.

"Feel you not, then," he proceeded, "that this having been done, thy master having been mocked, the presumptuous offender cannot be allowed to escape with impunity."

"Assuredly he ought not," was the reply.

"Say then," cried Sefi, "for you are one of the wise men of my empire, what

punishment does he, my subject—nay, my favoured servant, deserve, who, far from paying that respect which loyal subjects are evermore but too happy to yield, slight my commands, and scruples not even to name his sovereign with contumely?"

Wholly unsuspecting of the dark designs of the Shah, the chancellor, though startled at the appeal, after a short pause, gravely replied,

"He who can so far forget his duty and the sublime dignity of the great Sefi, merits not to draw the breath of life. He ought to die."

"You say well," the Shah answered, in an applauding tone. "From you I looked for sage counsel; but know, in giving it, thou hast pronounced sentence upon thyself. Thou, Tabub—thou art the person who hast thus grievously offended—thou, I say, living by my favour, eating at my table, sharing all thy master's greatness, hast foully dared to offer insult, and term me, in contempt, a child."

He then more particularly referred to the occasion, and the circumstances as reported to him by the captain of the guard. In vain did the chancellor attempt to appease his wrath and explain away the cause of it. Sefi drew his scymitar, and, without deigning to listen to the speech of the accused, plunged it furiously into the lower part of his body. With an exclamation of agony and fear, the unhappy man sunk to the ground in a dying state. Sefi then called to his *Rikâ* (a part of his guard, armed with pole-axes, who occasionally act as executioners), and ordered them instantly to cut Tabub's head into small pieces. They proceeded to do this butchery in his presence.

Besides the murderer and his guards, there were several pages in attendance. They affected to behold with satisfaction the horrible doings of the Shah; but one of them, however, though most anxious to conceal the disgust and horror such a scene could not but inspire, turned his face away, while the *Rikâ* were engaged in their miserable duty. The action was remarked by Sefi, and the reproach it conveyed made him regard it as a new offence. "Those eyes of thine," said he, "must needs be very delicate since such a spectacle offends them. They will never be of much use to thee as thou canst not look on a dead rebel;" and this taunt he followed up by ordering the same executioners instantly to put the youth's eyes out.

Accustomed as we are not only to the restraints imposed upon kings by the British constitution, but to the moderation which marks the exercise of regal authority in the principal European states, we trace with wonder the career of this

Asiatic potentate. If we are astonished at the violence which a fierce monster loved to exercise, we are still more so at the tame, unresisting patience with which his fearful behests were worked out and submitted to with apparent content. But this was part of a regularly organized system. The satellites of Sefi pretended to feel for him all the devotion manifested in former more remote ages by the followers of the "Old Man of the Mountain." They declared that for them life was wholly valueless if it ceased to be illuminated with the smile of their Shah; for him they were eager to encounter all sorts of difficulties, every imaginable toil; to please him, they would unceasingly labour, brave the most terrific dangers, and unrepiningly die.

A more dreadful state of suspense than that to which the chans and governors of provinces were necessarily subjected by the situation in which they stood cannot be conceived; they were expected periodically to show reverence for their monarch by sending costly presents. In return it was the custom to dispatch an envoy to make known the estimation in which the Shah held the sender: he was provided with a box covered with rich tapestry, which ordinarily contained a splendid robe, but not always. Sometimes the box was empty when sent, and destined to receive the governor's head. Care was taken that the person most interested in knowing the envoy's errand should be kept profoundly ignorant of what was intended. Arriving within a few leagues of the city where the chan or governor was established, a messenger went forward to announce that he approached to bring glad tidings from the Shah. Upon this it was expected that the governor should set out to meet the envoy, attended by a suitable escort; on meeting the latter the former made a halt at some distance, and put off his sword, garment, and turban, and then with an air of great humility and perfect resignation advanced to learn his destiny. In some cases a brief announcement of the monarch's will was promptly followed by decapitation, and the bleeding head was placed in the box, of which it has been stated the envoy was the bearer. In others, a letter of grace, with a magnificent robe, were produced, and then the happy functionary, blessing his good stars, kissed the collar of the garment, touched it with his forehead, and rendering like honour to the letter which accompanied it, hastened to attire himself in the present, which, in addition to a gown of sea-green satin, consisted of a rochet of cloth of gold, a girdle, and a turban; and some of the governor's attendants proclaimed aloud that "his master desired to pray for the health and

prosperity of the Shah, and the success of his soldiers."

Sefi was not appeased by the death of Tabub, but thought it due to his insulted name to visit Urgulu with the like severity. Aliculi Chan received orders to fetch his head; he waited on the victim in due form, and met him as he was leaving his bath. He started at seeing Aliculi with two attendants, and rightly conjectured the nature of his errand. Escape was impossible: he and Aliculi had been extremely intimate, and he now addressed his friend in a desponding tone:—

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "woe is me! Hope is no more! I fear, my friend, thou bringest me no good news."

Aliculi answered, "I am grieved to say thy conjecture is too correct. The Shah has laid his commands upon me to fetch thy head. My duty is most painful, but thou hast only to submit."

The bloody deed was then performed, and the head of Urgulu severed from the body. Aliculi made a hole in one cheek large enough to admit his finger, and by this he carried it into the royal presence. Sefi looked on the ghastly object with a smile, and touching it with a wand, he exclaimed—

"It must be confessed, Urgulu, thou wast a stout man! To see thee thus gives me sorrow, but it was thine own fault. 'Tis pity thou hast in this way come to thine end, were it only for that goodly beard which thou wearest!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY A SOLDIER OF THE GRAND ARMY.

(*For the Mirror.*)

"LET harps, and lyres, and trumpets proudly sound!

Bid echoing cannon the bold strain prolong!

With laurel be our mighty Emperor crown'd,
And celebrate him in immortal song!"

Such—even such th' exulting choral swell,
Which hail'd of Gallia's chief the favouring star,

When the famed Kremlin to his cohorts fell—
The celebrated palace of the Czar.

Where Moscow's towers majestically rise
Chilly and dreary are September's nights:
Whence come those flashes reddening all the
skies?

That cloud of smoke? that thousand, thousand lights?

A city burns!—a mighty sea of fire
From house, and tower, and temple throws
its glare!

Mad vengeance only could the deed inspire!
It is the throes of national despair!

Soon we retreat. The snows incessant fall
From the black bosom of yon threatening
cloud;

Above we see but a funeral pall,
Below one awful, all-surrounding shroud.

Strange human figures in the woods appear;
They do not live, nor are they sculptured
stone—

We recognise these statues, drawing near,
Though cold and motionless, are flesh and
bone.*

Slow is our progress, terrible the cold,
As on we move a wild disordered mass;—
The sage grow timid, and subdued the bold,
While seeking Beresina's awful pass.
The falling bridge, the yielding ice, the groan
Of strugglers sinking to a watery grave,
The mother's thrilling cry, the infant's moan,
Mingle with howling winds and roaring
wave.

The horsemen, furious at the long delay
Caused on the bridge by wretches striving
there,
Cut through the awful group a gory way,
Heedless of curse and menace, scream and
prayer.

Nature and nation both have lost their ties;
Compatriots who together fought and bled
"Can find no pity in each other's eyes—
By brother's hand a brother's blood is
shed."†

How vast, how horrible was the dimmy!
The stoutest heart might to behold it faint!
Dread scenes were acted in the face of day
Such as no tongue can tell, no pencil paint.
Even Heaven itself seem'd to rebuke war's
trade;

For mercy when a prostrate foe implored,
The hand that sought to draw the murderous
blade

Immovably was frozen to the sword.

Dread lines of ghastly corpses mark our flight!
The pale survivors disregard the dead!
Horrors become familiar to the sight,
And every spark of sympathy is fled!
But is the fearful spectacle I see
In sad reality what it would seem?
On earth may such abominations be;
Or is what I relate a madman's dream?

Unhappily, alas! too real all
The grim magnificence of "war's dread
game;"

Maids, wives, and mothers weep, and men
must fall,
And "thousands bleed to raise a single
name."

Wild terror, fiendish rage, and bleeding
hearts,

Make of a hero chief the brilliant story;
For these are ever the constituent parts
Of what the giddy, senseless world calls
GLORY.

EGYPTIAN SLAVE HUNT.

THE 'Fourth Annual Report of the British
and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society' is be-
fore us. It contains much interesting

* Forms were seen in the woods which seemed
like men asleep. On approaching them it was found
that they were dead.—*History of Napoleon.*

† Some, furious and determined, with sword in
hand, cleared for themselves a horrible passage.
Others, still more cruel, opened a way for their car-
riages by driving them without mercy over crowds
of unfortunate persons, whom they crushed to
death.—*Twenty-ninth Bulletin.*

matter. However great the merits and however unremitting the exertions of the opponents of slavery, we are sorry to say as yet humanity has little to boast of having gained through their well-meant labours. Though success has crowned their efforts in some instances, in others there is reason to lament the horrors of slavery have not merely remained stationary, but have been fearfully aggravated through the measures necessarily adopted to abate the evil. Some melancholy statements appear in the report. Few of our readers will be prepared for the following particulars of a slave hunt, ordered by that enlightened personage the Pasha of Egypt, to whom the merchants of England lately presented a medal, with a laboured eulogium on his generosity and virtue.

The exhibition, or sport as it may be called, we suppose, was commenced on the 15th January, 1843. The progress of the Egyptian force is thus recorded:—

"Arrived, on the 9th of February, at the head of the Khor el Sidr, the cavalry, with a party of Beduins, were detached against the Dinkas, a race of nomadic negroes occupying the banks of the White River. The main army, in the meanwhile, marched southward to Ule, in the country of the Bórún negroes, where they awaited the return of this detachment, which joined them there on the 14th February, bringing 623 slaves (males, females, and children), 1,500 oxen, and a few sheep and goats. Next day the booty was divided in the proportion of one-half to the government and one-half to the captors. My informant not having accompanied this detachment saw nothing of its proceedings, and only heard of its results in a general way.

"The army now marched on southward into the country of the Bórúns as far as Abu Gúnus, about 9° 45' N. lat., and 32° E. long., when they turned eastward, still through the country of the same people, who, together with the Bártas, another negro people living on the Blue River and along the Túmat, were destined to be the prey of the invaders. At Djebel Tombak, in about 40° N., and 33° E., the first attack was made on the 19th of February. The inhabitants of the village having received warning of the enemy's approach, had retired to the summit of a small isolated mountain, rising some five or six hundred feet above the plain, which mountain was surrounded by the Egyptian cavalry and then stormed by the infantry.

"The negroes defended themselves valiantly, and even desperately, preferring death to submission and its inevitable consequence, slavery; so that but very few men able to defend themselves escaped death. But so insufficient were their means of defence, their arms consisting

of only bows and arrows tipped with ebony, that not one man of the Egyptian troops was killed; and though numbers were wounded by the arrows, still the wounds inflicted were of so trifling a nature as not to hinder a single individual from following his usual avocations. About noon, the soldiers returned to the camp with their prisoners and booty, so much of the grain (*dhúrra* and *sésame*), as the army wanted having been taken from the village, and then the whole place was given as a prey to the flames.

"On the following day (February 20th) the slaves taken were reviewed. They were all brought out, in number five hundred and twenty-six, inclusive of infants at the breast, and examined by the medical officers of the army (principally Europeans) in order to see how many of the men were fit to bear arms. They were all naked, being a fine, large, handsome people of the true negro race. The men had only a sheepskin over their shoulders, and the women wore a small apron. Only seventy-five men were found fit for military service, and these had most of them severe musket-shot wounds. After these had been set apart the Pasha selected the handsomest women and boys to make up the tale of the half belonging to government, leaving the remainder to the army, among the soldiers of which they were divided. Thus far all had remained perfectly quiet; but when the allotment was begun to be carried into effect, husbands being separated from their wives, children from their parents, and even infants from the arms of their mothers, the cries and lamentations which broke out among these poor wretches were dreadful and heart-rending. The slaves were secured in the following manner. The neck of each captive was inserted between the forked end of a pole from seven to eight feet in length, and as thick as the arm, the two points of the fork being fastened behind his head. The right arm was tied to the pole, the other being left free. The other end of the pole was then attached to the saddle of one of the soldiers, who could thus drag on his prisoner without being obliged to pay him much attention. This was the plan adopted with men and stout women: the old people and children were led along with merely a rope fastened round their necks. Having on the march generally to go six or eight hours without finding water, the waterkins of the soldiers were not more than sufficient for their own supply during the interval; and the only nourishment of their miserable captives being a little *dhúrra* moistened with water, and they being dragged along without any regard to their sufferings, it is not at all to be wondered at that a very large proportion of them should sink from

exhaustion and fatigue. Those who were too severely wounded, or whose strength failed them on the march so that they could not keep up with the army, were, on the spot, shot through the head by their inhuman masters without a moment's consideration or the slightest compunction. The result showed that at least one-half of the captives died before reaching the head-quarters at Khartum.

"On the 21st February the army proceeded northward to Kerr, an assemblage of ten or fifteen small villages, the inhabitants of which, on hearing of its approach, had retired to two stockaded enclosures erected by them as places of refuge and defence in case of need. On the following morning one of these stockades was attempted to be breached with the cannon, about forty shots being fired against it, but so ignorantly was the firing conducted that it had no effect whatever, and at length it was discontinued, and the soldiers themselves advanced to the stockade, into which they forced an opening by pulling up the stakes with their hands. The negroes, armed, like those of Djebel Tombak, with only bows and arrows, made so resolute a defence that the assailants were thrice driven back. But personal bravery could not avail against the fire-arms of the Egyptians, and in about an hour they were overpowered. The scene of horror that now ensued is not to be described. On obtaining an entrance into the stockade the soldiers not merely shot and cut down all those who continued to resist, but butchered in cold blood men, women, and children whose wounds rendered them unfit to be taken as captives; and then fire being set to the stockade, the dying with the dead were left to be consumed in its flames, whilst the attack of the second stockade was commenced. But seeing the unprofitableness of employing force, the Pasha first attempted to bring its defenders to terms, and one of the prisoners was sent in to call on them to submit to slavery. It was with great unwillingness that he went on his errand: 'I know my brethren well,' said he, 'they will never submit.' And he judged them rightly. The brave natives did not even deign to return an answer; so that the Pasha, after waiting some time to no purpose, was obliged to order the attack, which (as might have been anticipated) resulted in the same manner as that of the former stockade."

THE PARISIAN VENUS.

THIS astonishing work of art is now in Regent street. On entering we see what seems to be the corpse of a handsome female who has just expired. It is moulded in wax; the face is removed like

a mask; and the exterior of the limbs and bosom being lifted, representations of what would appear in a real subject are pointed out. Anatomical explanations are supplied with great clearness by the gentleman who attends. Much real information may be gained from this exhibition. It gratifies curiosity in a high degree; nor can the contemplative mind look on such an object without emotion—without feeling how just, how natural the exclamation of the Psalmist, "I am wonderfully and fearfully made!" Young medical students would be likely to derive considerable benefit from the inspection. The artist has gone all through the human subject.

"After displacing the lungs the heart is separated into sections, and the wonderful and admirable mechanism of its interior fully demonstrated: here are seen the beautiful series of valves, and their accessory parts, accompanied by a description of their uses and mode of action. If (adds the programme) in one part of the body there are evidences of design more than in another it is here; for so palpable is the adaptation of the various means to their respective ends, that no one who has seen and reflects on this portion of our organization can fail to pay a tribute to the great First Cause."

Scandinavian Usages.—In some of the northern provinces of Scandinavia the administration of justice was marked by the observance of rules which seem not a little singular. The hanging up of a shield was essential to the formation of the court, and an announcement that it was open; the overturning of the judges' seats proclaimed its close; the judge was to sit (his rising interrupted all proceedings), and sit in a specific attitude. In one state he was to sit "with one foot upon the opposite knee;" in another "with the right leg thrown over the left, like a grim lion," in which position, if he could not decide a point at once, he was to meditate upon it 123 times. In this awful position, when he had decided, he pronounced in a loud voice such dooms as the following:—"For this we judge and doom thee, and take thee out of all rights, and place thee in all wrongs; and we pronounce thy wife a lawful widow, and thy children lawful orphans; and we award thy fiefs to the lord from whom they came, thy patrimony and acquired property to thy children, and thy body and flesh to the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, the fish in the water. We give thee over to all men upon all ways; and where every man has peace and safe conduct, thou shalt have none; and we turn thee forth upon the four ways of the world, and no man can sin against thee."



Arms. Gu., a chev., between three leopards' heads, or.

Crest. A leopard's head, guardant, erased at the neck, or., ducally gorged, gu.

Supporters. Two leopards, regardant, ppr., each gorged with a ducal coronet, gu.

Mott. "Sapere aude." "Dare to be wise."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MACCLESFIELD.

In the time of Henry IV., a gentleman named Thomas Parker, married Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Adam de Gotham, and great-grand-daughter of Roger de Gotham, to whom the lands of Norton Lees, in Derbyshire, were given in the reign of Edward III. Their descendant, George Parker, Esq., settled at Parkhall, in the county of Stafford. He had two sons: William, who commanded a company of foot in the service of King Charles II., and Thomas, who, as a country gentleman, resided at Leke. The grandson of William was Sir Thomas Parker, knight, who was Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer till Oct. 23, 1772, when he resigned. He married, in 1731, Anne, youngest daughter and co-heiress of James Whitehall, Esq., of Ripe Ridware, and left a son and successor.

The son of the Thomas Parker we have just mentioned, who was of the same name, became an eminent lawyer in the reign of Queen Anne. He was nominated one of her Majesty's counsel, and being called to the degree of Serjeant-at-Law, was appointed Queen's Serjeant, and received the honour of knighthood, June 8, 1705. Sir Thomas was elevated to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Queen's Bench in 1710, and to the peerage, by George I., March 10, 1715-16, as Lord Parker, Baron of Macclesfield, in the county of Chester. His lordship was constituted Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, May 12, 1718, and created Viscount Parker, of Eweline, in the county of Oxford, and Earl of Macclesfield, Nov. 5, 1721, with remainder (in default of male issue) of the dignity of baroness, viscountess, and countess to his daughter Elizabeth, wife of William Heathcote, Esq., and the dignities of baron, viscount, and earl to her issue male. The Earl married Janet, daughter and co-heir of Charles Carrier, Esq., of Winkworth, in Derbyshire, by whom he had a son and daughter. The Earl

was impeached on charges of corruption in June 1725, and being convicted at the bar of the House of Lords, was sentenced to pay a fine of 30,000*l*.

His lordship was accused of making profits by selling offices, especially those of Masters in Chancery. His answer was able and ingenious. Part of it ran thus:—

"My Lords: I have now gone through all the several articles, that have been endeavoured to be supported against me; and I think I may say, as I did in the beginning, that except those relating to the disposal of places, which are of another kind and another consideration, all the rest must, to be made criminal, turn upon that aggravation in the articles, from my inordinate, wicked, and corrupt designs of procuring to myself excessive and exorbitant gains and profits by divers unjust and oppressive practices after mentioned.

"It is such a corrupt heart only can change actions, that in themselves are innocent, and some of them perhaps commendable, into so many crimes.

"And yet it is very extraordinary, and scarce possible to be conceived, but that if there had been such a corrupt heart, it must have broke out upon some other occasion of my life. Not one instance of my whole life has been yet produced to show it.

"Several of those under me have been examined, several officers immediately attendant on me, that received considerable profits and salaries, to the amount of three or four thousand pounds per annum, and more; if I had set my heart upon gain, a certain profit might have been there yearly made amongst those whom I had wholly at mercy, and in private. But there has no appearance been found of anything of that kind. And is it not more likely that I should have laid hold of a certain profit, than be laying schemes for advantages upon the uncertain contingency of the sales of masters' offices?

"The value of such an expectation is a mere trifle; and with respect to the probability of its happening, it was exceedingly uncertain whether I should have an opportunity of putting in one single master.

"Three masters have happened to die in my time, and two of those in less than the space of a year; but I think not one in nine years before.

"My Lord Cowper admitted but one in the last time of his being chancellor, which was four years; and that was upon a surrender.

"There are twenty-four cursitors; only one has died in my time: thirty commissioners of bankrupts; only one died in above six years.

"Surrenders of the offices of masters are rarely till after sixteen or seventeen years, sometimes thirty or forty years' enjoyment.

"My life was very uncertain, the office of chancellor much more so.

"Little therefore was to be hoped from the profit to be made by masters' places.

"My lords, in the next place, I apprehend, that it appears I did not take the advantage I might have taken.

"When the time came for me to reap the fruit of all my contrivances, all those schemes and stratagems, the work of above three years (a great space in the time of a chancellor), see whether there be the least mark or symptom of this impotent desire of gain."

It was said that the king proposed to pay his fine, but never did. He died April 28, 1732. His son George succeeded to the title as second earl. He was an LL.D., and President of the Royal Society in 1752. In 1722 he had married Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Ralph Lane, Esq., an eminent Turkey merchant, by whom he had two sons, Thomas and George Lane. In 1757 his lordship married a second time, a Miss Nesbitt. He took an active part in forwarding the act of parliament for altering the style. He died in 1764, and was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, who, in 1749, had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of Sir William Heathcote. She died in 1812. By her he had issue two sons, George and Thomas. His lordship died February 9, 1795, and was succeeded by George, the present Earl, who was born February 24, 1755, and married, May 25, 1780, to Mary Frances, daughter and co-heir of the late Rev. Thomas Drake, D.D., rector of Amersham, Bucks. Her ladyship died January 1, 1823, leaving an only daughter, who was married, in 1802, to Thomas, Earl of Haddington. The Earl of Macclesfield is Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Oxford, High Steward of Henley, and President of the Board of Agriculture.

A LONDON GIN PALACE.

THE following fearful picture is from 'Bentley's Miscellany' for the present month:—

"The gin palace is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a gin-drinking neighbourhood; it lowers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.

"The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open, half shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram-drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements, in large letters, 'The cheapest House in London,'—'Cream of the Valley,'—'Creaming Stout,'—'Brilliant Ales,'—'Old Tom, fourpence a quarter,'—'Hodges' Best, for mixing,' and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

"Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without; counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass taps; fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished; bottles containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar-parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican; in the distance are vistas, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers, stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the 'short' and 'heavy'; the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the 'drop' of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return; ragged women, with starving children, match and ballad-vendors, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace; every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay; step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage, for protection against the furtive hand; drink, eternal, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

"There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than

the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless, houseless miserales of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter; aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slaving idiots, plemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggled confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here; there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots; the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature; the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slipshod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

"The noises, too, of the assembled toppers are hideous; appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, oburgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *à la armée*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door.

"Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts; soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, &c.

"Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that infernal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery.

"Here the steady, respectable sot, the good customer, slides in, and flings down his throat the frequent dram; then, with an emphatic 'hah' of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears.

"Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much superadded virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire, the flaunting Cyprian, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quart of 'pleasant-drinking' gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court. You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miserales seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman; and

who are only permitted that wretched place of rest, that they may beg for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others."

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

We have some rich anecdotes and curious facts under the above head, in 'Ainsworth's Magazine' for April:—

"There is an anecdote recorded of a son of Macklin, who, when in India, fell into quarrel with a brother cadet, the result of which was a hostile meeting. When Macklin came on the ground, he appeared enveloped from top to toe in a large great-coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. On the parties taking their stand, Macklin, to the surprise of all, threw aside his extensive wrapper, and appeared in a perfect state of nudity, with the exception of a pair of yellow slippers. To the inquiries of his antagonist, he observed, 'I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen of a man's dress being forced into the flesh by the ball, occasioning in that climate a speedy mortification—to avoid which I am determined to fight in the manner you see me.'

"Now Mrs Charke, the eccentric daughter of Colley Cibber, was guilty of an adventure still more outrageous, in which (not to alarm the reader) we will at once premise, that although she appeared without her own attire, she had very abundantly borrowed that of another person. Mrs Charke had long lived on unpleasant terms with her father, by whom she was treated with just severity for her total disregard of all social duties and common decorum. Being on one occasion greatly irritated by the dramatist's refusal to honour her drafts, she equipped herself after the style of a gentleman of the road, and hiring a suitable charger, actually waylaid her father upon Epping Forest, by stopping his chariot, presenting her pistol, and desiring him to deliver. The affrighted comedian, to save his life, could do no less than part with his purse. 'Young man—young man,' said the dramatist, 'this is a sorry trade; take heed in time!'

"'And so I would,' replied Charlotte; 'but I've a wicked old hunk of a father, who rolls in money and mistresses, yet denies me a guinea, and has had the impudence to make so worthy a gentleman as yourself answer for it.'"

The facts stated about the prize address, or the address for which a prize was offered by the Drury Lane Committee, in 1812, are worthy to be remembered:—

"In August the committee announced, by advertisement, that the authorship of the poetic Address to be spoken on the restoration of the theatre was open to

public competition. This declaration gave rise to the celebrated publication of the 'Rejected Addresses,' one of the happiest efforts of its precise nature which has ever perhaps appeared, and likely to enjoy the favour of posterity equally with 'the only true and particular' composition, by which the play-going public were welcomed for nine consecutive nights.

"Upwards of one hundred sealed addresses were forwarded to the dread Sorbonne of the Drury Committee, of which, 'sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt mala plura,' and not a few of the number, as may well be imagined, attracted notice after a fashion somewhat different to the secret promptings of the respective bards, and like the tinker's terrier, have owed their preservation to being the 'ugliest dog' in the whole country. Some examples of the litter we have seen; one or two we beg here to offer. The first ugly dog ran after this manner:—

"A new theatre in quite a modern style,
Beautifullly finish'd—a stupendous pile,
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,
Just like a burnt-out Phoenix from its nest;
Where loyalty once more shall raise its
voice,
All that can make a British heart rejoice.
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know
The fortune which shall humble England's
foe;
Here shall he find the battles all recast—
Blenheim to Salamanca—July last.
For 'tis the drama's duty to inspire
Britannia's sons with patriotic fire.
To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland
too,
For bringing all this beauteous scene to
view;
Raising a temple, where but yesterday
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,
Showing so much of industry and skill,
And what the English can do if they will."

"This composition was spun to above eighty lines.

"Under, what was called, an emergency, Lord Byron was applied to for an address. The following is one of many letters which the poet addressed to Lord Holland on the subject:—

"Sept. 27, 1812.

"I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House. As to remarks, I can only say, I will alter and acquiesce in anything. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go off quicker without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave.

"As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the committee will testify that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without name,

as your lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is, with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you, my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to show the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me. "Yours, ever, BRONX."

"Amongst the competitors for the prize Address, we find Wm. T. Fitzgerald, Ch. Masterman, Mary Russell Mitford, G. F. Busby, George Lamb, John Taylor, Joseph Hume, H. Jameson, Paul Jodrell, Horatio Smith, Wm. Linley, Ch. Brinsley Sheridan, J. Edwards (a sign-painter, who afterwards turned actor), and Wm. Burton (another painter and glazier), &c."

SCIENTIFIC MEETING.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—A paper by Professor Royle, 'On the mustard tree of scripture,' was read. The author stated, that he was induced to bring this subject before the Asiatic Society in consequence of having traced an Indian tree, by its Asiatic synonyme, to be the mustard tree of scripture. Having referred to the passages in the New Testament, where the tree is mentioned, Dr Royle stated that it appeared to him essential that it should be indigenous in Palestine, and be strictly arboreous, have a small seed, be possessed of properties similar to mustard, and have a name in the language of the country of which the Greek *sinape* of the New Testament might be considered a correct translation. Our Saviour, in addressing the multitude on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, no doubt employed a name familiar to them in the Syriac, or western Aramaic. The Professor stated that his attention had been directed to the subject in consequence of having been asked by Dr Lonsdale, the Bishop of Lichfield, whether he knew what tree was intended by the mustard tree in scripture, because Mr Ameung, a native of Syria at that time, and now a student of King's College, had informed him that he was well acquainted with a tree which answered to what was required in the parable. Mr Ameung gave Dr Royle the same information, and stated in addition that he had often stood on horseback under the tree, which was in Syria considered to be the mustard tree of scripture, and that it was commonly called *khardal*. On this, Dr Royle asked if that was the Arabic name of mustard? Mr Ameung replied that it was so, and that the seeds were used for the same purposes as mustard was employed in Europe. Dr Royle was long unsuccessful in finding any explanation of *khardal* as applicable to a tree of Palestine; though in his MS. *Materia Medica* of the East three kinds are enumerated. 1, *Akhardal*, or common mustard; 2, *Akhardal barres*,

or wild mustard; 3, *Mardal Romea*, or Turkish mustard. He then referred to the index of his 'Illustrations of Himalayan Botany,' where he found the word *Kharjal*. This he was surprised to find applicable to the subject; for, in the body of the work, it is stated to be the name of a tree in the north-west of India, with acrid bark and edible berries. It droops like the willow, and has leaves something resembling those of the *Salvadora Persica* of botanists, which Dr Roxburgh describes as a moderate-sized tree, common in the Circars, growing well in every soil, and producing flowers and ripe fruit all the year round. These are in panicles, with the berries red and juicy, and much smaller than a grain of black pepper, having a strong aromatic smell, and a flavour much like garden cresses. Retz obtained it from Tranquebar, and called it *Embelia grossularium*. It was first obtained from the shores of the Persian Gulf. Forskål describes it under the name of *Cissus arborea*, as a native of Arabia, much esteemed by the Arabs, and as even celebrated by their poets. On inquiring of Dr Lindley, he learned that it had been found by Boré in the neighbourhood of Mount Sinai. But still he could find no notice of the *Salvadora Persica* as occurring in Palestine, either among botanists or travellers. Captains Irby and Mangles, however, in their travels, mention a tree which they suppose to be the mustard tree of scripture, and which Dr Royle, even from the few characters given, has no doubt is the same tree, and which he had traced from India to Mount Sinai. These travellers mention that, advancing towards Kerék, from the southern extremity of the Dead Sea, they met, among many others, with one curious tree, which they observed to be in great plenty, and which bore a fruit in bunches resembling in appearance the currant, with the colour of the plum. "It has a pleasant, although a strong aromatic taste, exactly resembling mustard; and, if taken in any quantity, produces a similar irritability of the nose and eyes to that which is caused by taking mustard. We think it probable that this is the tree our Saviour alluded to in the parable of the mustard seed, and not the mustard plant which we have in the north, and which, even when growing large, can never be called a tree." The author concluded by stating that though Captains Irby and Mangles had first indicated the tree, he thought that he had been the first to ascertain that the *Salvadora Persica* was the precise tree; but he had since been surprised to find in the 'Flora Indica' of his friend Dr Lindley the observation that "this plant is supposed to be the mustard tree of scripture." Dr Royle stated that he felt no doubt but that the *Salvadora Persica* was the mustard tree of scripture.—*Athenæum*.

ON THE POLISH REFUGEES BEING ORDERED FROM POSEN.

What, think you, could have been the reason,
 Fear'd he the devil, secret treason,
 Would there engender quick?
 Oh, no! for if the King of Prussia
 Would prove himself the slave of Russia,
 He acts to please "Old Nick" (Nicholas).
 L.M.S.

Reviews.

London Polytechnic Magazine for April.
 Mortimer, Adelaide street.

THIS miscellany continues to increase in interest. The following picture of mining speculation may be read with advantage.

"A singular incident, which occurred about the time the rage for mining began in Spain, literally drove the Carthaginians mad. A poor man named Valentin, and by trade a weaver, as a relief to his sedentary habits, used frequently to visit a secluded spot in the mountains, called Sierra Almagrera, ostensibly for the purpose of shooting rabbits. This Sierra, or range of mountains, is situated two leagues from the town of Cuevas de Vera, near the coast and on the confines of Murcia, and had seldom been trodden by any other persons than shepherds. Struck by the singular appearance of the surface of a particular ridge of it, called Barranco Jaroso, coupled with other indications, Valentin concluded that underneath ore, of some kind or other, lay concealed. Provided with implements he therefore set to work, unobserved, and every day's result tended to encourage his hopes. Finding one spot of more than ordinary promise, he there redoubled his efforts, and in a short time dug out lumps of heavy ore, the quality of which it was out of his power to test. Having carefully collected a large sample, he carried it to Granada, where it was submitted to a smelter, who pronounced it to be argentiferous lead. Not satisfied with this report, he took it to Cordova, where the results of the first assay were satisfactorily confirmed. Valentin now considered himself the luckiest man on earth, not only in having discovered the means of enriching himself, but also because he had carried on his researches with so much precaution that by no one had the real object of his rural sports been perceived. One great difficulty, however, stared him full in the face. In his trips to the mountains several months were expended, and in the interval his substance wasted away. Scarcely was a dollar left, and he thus saw himself in possession of a valuable secret, but without the means of deriving any benefit from it. In this dilemma he communicated his project and position to a plain and worthy townsman of the name of Soler, on whose honour he could rely, and who had the command of a few hundred dollars. Having made their preliminary arrangements, the two parties proceeded to the spot described by Valentin, when, after a careful inspection of the ground, Soler felt satisfied with the appearances, and agreed to advance money to dig a

few experimental pits. Neither of them had the least knowledge of either mineralogy or mining, but fearful of their secret being divulged, they nevertheless declined calling in the aid of professional skill. Favoured by seclusion, these two persevering adventurers secretly continued their experiments for four years, digging first on one point and then on another, without striking upon a mineral deposit calculated to reward their labours, and in that time their little stock of funds became exhausted.

"Wearied out with fatigue and broken-hearted, Valentin soon afterwards died, leaving his faithful companion the only depository of his secret. In the meanwhile mining was coming into vogue, when, at length, Soler, who since his bereavement had fluctuated between hope and despair, thought seriously of retrieving his circumstances. He assembled a dozen discreet friends and unfolded his case to them, confirming his plain and unvarnished tale by the production of specimens. An association was accordingly formed, the sum of money required clubbed together, and a deputation selected to accompany Soler to the locality where it was represented the promised treasure lay concealed. The report in every respect corroborated Soler's statements, but, instead of working in secret, the new company resolved at once to denounce the ground which they had in view, by lodging a specification of it in the inspector's office, in order to secure the grant when prepared to ask for it. They next called in professional advice, and to their joy the assurances of the engineer proved still more encouraging than any of the papers left behind him by Valentin. As a bar had now been put to all interference with the property registered, the company set to work in real earnest, when the results soon convinced them that they were in the vicinity of a deposit of rich argentiferous lead. The little purse subscribed, not more than 100*l.*, was, however, emptied before the main object could be obtained, and the enterprise again nearly fell to the ground through the inability, or indisposition, of some of the parties concerned to contribute more. After tedious delays, a second purse was made up, by increasing the number of partners to twenty-nine, and a practical miner employed, to whom a share, with a salary of 2*s.* per day, was allotted. The workings then commenced on a more scientific principle, but still no metallic vein of a determinate character made its appearance. Varying the point of digging, a leader was, however, eventually discovered, and on the 21st of April, 1839, the lode sought for opened upon the view of the despairing partners, at a depth of less than fifty feet. The new mine was called El Carmen, and proved to be the largest and most promising mass of argentiferous lead ever before seen. The bells of the neighbouring towns and villages were set ringing, and thousands of persons hastened to the spot, to witness this wonderful, if not miraculous, *bonanza*, or god-send. Scientific engineers and practical miners flocked to the spot, when after a proper survey the whole sierra was pronounced to be a valuable mass of galena, or argentiferous lead. So much were the spirits

of the viewers elated, that three days afterwards companies were formed to work the contiguous sets of Esperanza, Observacion, and Estrella, for which grants were immediately solicited.

"Soler and his companions now reaped the fruits of their perseverance. Each of their shares, one of which at one time might have been had at 150 dollars, was declared worth 60,000, and at that price purchasers might have been found. Workmen collected upon the spot, and within the first year the Carmen and Observacion companies raised at the rate of 1,800 arrobas (25 lbs. each) of ore per day, with machinery of the most defective kind.

"At the close of last year it was calculated that as many as 300 associations had been formed there."

The Advocate of the Industrious Classes; or, every Man his own Landlord.

This publication is to appear monthly. Its great object is to give effect to the plans of benefit societies, to enable the industrious, by paying a somewhat higher rent than need be paid in the prime of life, to secure, before the approach of old age, a comfortable home rent free. Among other things—

"Ground plans and elevations for buildings suitable for inhabitants in the middle and lower ranks of life, with estimates of the cost of erecting such buildings, and the probable rents they should produce, will be frequently inserted. Eligible situations for buildings will be pointed out, with important suggestions for improving their healthful and comfortable occupation."

It is extremely well printed, and contains, among other useful and agreeable articles, the commencement of a chronology by Mr Leonard Townsend.

"SATISFACTION."

Lord — sends me a challenge; I meet him — what then?

Why he shoots me right "sick" through the head:

Well, I cannot complain, for my courage is proof,

Except to the brain-searching lead.

L. M. S.

Miscellaneous.

COSMORAMIC, DIORAMIC, AND PANORAMIC EXHIBITION.—The views here presented are on a grand scale, and bring celebrated objects in distant lands before us with a distinctness which verges on reality. Several of them are beautiful, but Constantinople and the Plain of Thebes are peculiarly interesting. In the latter the enormous statues called Chama and Tama appear. Of these we read—"The dimensions of these enormous statues are not so striking; except when, in your imagination, you detach them from the immense monuments of Thebes; and

examine all their parts separately. They then appear enormous, for their height is much greater than the highest houses in London. They are seen at a distance of four leagues like rocks rising in the middle of a vast plain; and at sunrise their immense shadows extend a considerable way up the chain of the Lybian Mountains. The further statue, called by the natives Tama, has passed for many ages as the wonderful Colossus of Memnon spoken of by Homer, Herodotus, Diodorus, &c. This statue was said to have had the property of uttering a melodious sound every day at sunrise like that heard at the breaking of the string of a harp when it has been wound up. This was effected by the rays of the sun when they fell on it. At the setting of the sun and at night the sound was lugubrious; this is supported by Strabo, who, however, confesses himself ignorant whether the sound proceeded from the basis of the statue, or the people that were then round it; it was said to shed tears at sunset."

CANADIAN MUSKANUNGEE FISHING.—Our bait consisted of small trout, very large minnows, and a bright little fish, something between a dace and a bleak, which some urchins of the village had been deputed to catch. As soon as we were in deep water, and had approached the spot where our cicero had predicted we should be sure of "a run," our rods and lines (wound on large salmon reels) were put together, and the live bait impaled *secundum artem*. Acting under Captain Browne's advice, I selected one of the captivating and lively white fish for my bait, and had good cause to thank him for the judicious recommendation; for my hook and gimp had not been lowered to the prescribed depth (about seven or eight yards) more than two or three minutes, ere my reel was spinning like a Manchester jenny. "Strike now," called out Captain Browne; and strike I did, and then came "the tug of war." I have hooked and played a shark many a time on the broad Atlantic in calm weather; but my arms never ached more from exertion than on the occasion I am recording. Having incautiously handled my rod after the European fashion, my fingers were cruelly cut by the line being whisked through them with such extraordinary velocity: the excitement, as well as the novelty of the affair, prevented my noticing the inconvenience at the time. I shall never forget the sensation I experienced on feeling such a monster at the end of my line. "Gently does it;" "now wind up;" "now let him go;" were the alternate cautions given me by the experienced troller at my elbow. "By the powers! he's a big fish, and I'm right glad you've got him," continued Captain Browne: "he'll give us some

trouble yet: he's a forty-pounder at least." Many minutes elapsed before I caught a glimpse even at my splendid prize; but, at length this fresh-water monster, having been exhausted by the resolute game I had played, came within view of our party in the boat; three hearty cheers greeted the aldermanic pike; which vociferous compliment, by the way, was not received with a very good grace, for the disgusted captive abruptly turned tail, carrying with him as many yards of line as I could well afford him. He tried all sorts of dodges; but the tackle was too stout, and he had been too firmly hooked to admit of his giving us the slip. Having run to the end of his tether, my friend remained quiet for a minute or so. "He's sulking now," said Captain Browne: "give a pull at him before he gets his second wind." Following my Mentor's instructions, I went to work, after the fashion of an Italian boy with a hurdy-gurdy, and wound away to some tune. For the succeeding quarter of an hour, we kept up a very animated game of "pull-devil, pull-baker;" but, as I had the best of it, I felt but little inclination to show any quarter; the race of the muskanungee was run; the sand of his piscatorial existence was ebbing fast, thanks to the stout gimp and honest steel that held him fast by his formidable jaws. A fiercer or more resolute customer I never battled with: he fought nobly and died, as all well-conditioned pike of Patagonian dimensions should do, game to the last, and snapping at every object, animate or inanimate, within reach of his molars. My experienced coadjutor gaffed my prize most dexterously as soon as the colossal fish was brought to the surface, and in a trice he was floundering in the boat, lashing right and left with his ponderous tail. It was, in truth, a noble fish, and when weighed, at the "store" of a Yankee in the village, proved to be rather over than under forty-two pounds.—*Sporting Magazine*.

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF LIFE. —

"Never," says a Paris paper, "was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quantity of his glory, without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804 down to his eventual exit. At that time, he had, as he declared to Lord Wentworth, an army of 480,000; and his different levies from 1804 till 1814, amounted in all to 2,965,165. This account, derived from Napoleon's official journal, the

'Moniteur,' under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties, as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be under the mark, in affirming that he slaughtered 2,500,000 human beings, and those all Frenchmen. But we have to add thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans, and Illyrians, whom he forced under his eagles; and at a moderate computation, those cannot have fallen short of 500,000."—*Herald of Peace*,

The Gobbler.

Box and the Americans.—The 'New York Weekly Herald,' in a squib at Mr Dickens, speaking of the treats given to him when in the United States, and the compliments since received, says—

"We gobbled with a relish, Boz,
Like gluttons, too, no doubt;
But folks as relish servin' up
Don't relish servin' out!"

"'Bout 'taste' we will not sticke, Boz,
Since not alone we're noodles;
And 'meanness' is 'nt all confined,
It seems, to Yankee doodles!"

Thames Tunnel Fair.—The fair held to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of the Tunnel was well attended. The numbers were—on Monday, 10,178; on Tuesday, 35,440; and on Wednesday, 20,740; making altogether 66,358, persons, producing 27*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* for the three days.

The 'Mirror' Abroad.—The following paragraph appears in 'Sam Sly's African Journal' of February 8. To us it proves that the civilization of Africa is complete:—"The above we glean from the 'Mirror' (Cunningham and Mortimer, London), whose interesting, old-fashioned face we are pleased to find gracing the table of the first library in Africa. It ranks amongst the most abiding of the periodicals, and has lived to witness the death of innumerable, but far less amusing and intellectual rivals. Success to its future career.—Ed. S. S. J."

New French Journal.—We have now a 'Courrier de Londres et Paris.' It is a French paper got up in the English form, and in many respects happily combining the attraction of the London and Paris journals. Besides the intelligence of the day, its readers are gratified with romance and history. A history of London, from the revolution of 1688, brings many interesting facts before us. The dissentients, or rather the *non-dissentients*, of 1844, who find themselves called upon to take three and a quarter per cent. as interest for 100*l.*, will stare to read of a

minister, Sir Robert Walpole, in the last century, having to persuade the reduced creditor to accept of five per cent. 1—six having previously been paid.

Artesian Springs.—It seems that Artesian springs are rapidly increasing in the vicinity of this metropolis. The following enumeration is now some years old:—At Hammersmith, six; Brentford, three; Uxbridge, eight; Rickmansworth, four; Watford, nine, one of which produces 22,500,000 gallons weekly, partly supplying the river Colne; St Alban's, two. In London itself there are one hundred and seventy-four, of which thirty produce 50,000,000 gallons weekly. A new list might be supplied with considerable additions.

The Houses of Parliament.—The immense building preparing for the Great Council of this nation is fast advancing to completion. It will afford every desirable accommodation to the members. The late House of Commons measured forty-nine feet by thirty-nine feet; and on frequent occasions above 600 persons demanded admission. It was calculated that each victim in the Black Hole of Calcutta had eighteen inches square to stand upon; a member of that House of 600 being present, had not quite nineteen and a half.

The Tobacco Question.—According to Stow, tobacco was introduced into England in 1568. The young courtiers were the first to bring it into vogue. Sir Walter Raleigh, for some time Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and his friend, Sir Hugh Middleton, made it the fashion, by smoking in the streets, and other places of public resort, indulging with apparent ecstacy in the inebriating perfume which they exhaled around them. People stared at them at first, then imitated them; and thus the use of tobacco became at last the fashion even amongst ladies. 'Twas at this juncture that the new pleasure became the object of inveterate persecution on the one hand, and irresistible predilection on the other. Stow describes it as "a stinking plant, the use of which is an offence to God;" whilst Spenser, in his 'Faerie Queene,' denominates it as "divine tobacco!"

An African Grievance.—"I take leave to remark," writes one of Sam Sly's correspondents, "that the Regent street of Simon's Town continues to present a disgusting spectacle, as even pigs, ducks, geese, *et hoc genus omne*, are roaming, grunting, and quacking at all seasons of the day and night, in parties varying from six to perhaps six dozen. Now, although a nice little roasting pig is really not so bad, when properly dressed and garnished; and ducks, with green peas, help to adorn the second course; and a goose, if tender, is not to be sneezed

at on table; yet, however palatable these things may be in their way, it is not *comme il faut*, or agreeable to good taste and good breeding, that they should obstruct our fashionable mall."

Mr Thomas Hutchinson.—This gentleman, an eminent railway contractor, recently lost his life, on his way from the Sedgfield station of the Stockton and Darlington railway to Morden, where he lived. He had a few glasses of whiskey at the Sedgfield station, which is a public house, and in less than half an hour after he had left to walk home he was found with his head just within the rails. An engine with a train of thirty-five waggons had gone over his neck, right shoulder, and arm, which killed him in a moment. He has left a widow and six children.

A Husband's care for his Widow.—In the chapel of the abbey church of La Couture there was formerly an inscription to the memory of a certain innkeeper and postilion, who, wishing that his name should be handed down to posterity, had set forth the fact of his having conducted the carriages of four kings of France, and after passing sixty-four years as a married man, died in 1509: he added a prayer to this important record, that heaven would provide a second husband for his widow, whose age appears to have reached not less than sixteen lustres.

Tough Pavement.—The Admiralty yard has been paved with India-rubber.

A Scene in the Civil Wars.—The entrance of Prince Rupert's men into Bolton is thus described in tracts lately published by the Chetham Society:—"At their entrance, before, behind, to the right and left, nothing heard but kill dead, kill dead was the word in the town, killing all before them without any respect, without the town by their horsemen pursuing the poor amazed people, killing, stripping, and spoiling all they could meet with, nothing regarding the doleful cries of women or children, but some they slashed as they were calling for quarter, others when they had given quarter, many hailed out of their houses to have their brains dashed out in the streets, those that were not dead in the streets already pistoled, slashed, brained, or trodden under their horses feet with many insolent, blasphemous oaths, curses, and challenges to heaven itselfe (no doubt) hastening the filling up of their cup, and bringing that swift destruction upon them which they shortly after tasted of (and blessed, blessed ever be the great and just God for it) with many taunts and cruell mockings; as, 'See what your prayers are come to! Where is all your dayes of humiliation? O, that we had that old rogue Horrocks that preaches in his grey cloake.'"

Peculiar Feature of Gothic Architecture.

—The mixture of jest with earnestness is a striking distinction of Gothic architecture. We commonly find in the details various samples of the ludicrous, the general effect of the whole edifice being serious, and eminently solemn and impressive. Whenever we examine the ornaments closely, we discover ridiculous scenes and characters, and a number of grotesque representations. It has been conjectured that the figures allude to stories that were well known at the time when they were executed, and that by bringing them together and comparing them with whatever information the writings of the day will afford, the whole subject might be made intelligible. They frequently contain satires on the clergy, especially the monks and nuns; the most frequent subjects of these ludicrous representations, however, are demons. It was natural enough that the churchmen should hold up to scorn and derision their grand adversaries, the spiritual enemies of the human race; that these beings should be gibbeted on the roof, exposed to the wind, the rain, and the frost, impaled in conspicuous situations, and rendered ridiculous, that they might be despised.

Poets of the Middle Ages.—Philippe Monsi, Bishop of Tournay, wrote the history of France in Latin verse, "*en rimes dilettables*." He begins with the Trojan origin of the Franks. Guillaume-le-Breton's poem on Philip-Augustus contains twelve thousand verses. It is a metrical chronicle, with metaphors and figures borrowed from the classics. Lisyer, in his 'Literary History of the Poets of the Middle Ages,' counts upwards of one hundred and eighty in these two centuries.

Ancient Legends.—In determining the time when legendary fables arose, the greatest assistance is derived from the dates of colonies; for instance, Byzantium was founded in the 30th Olympiad (about 660 B. C.) by Megarians, with whom were a party of Argives. The fables of Io connected with the worship of Juno (who had a temple on the citadels both of Argos and Byzantium) were local at Argos, and the place was there shown where she had fed in the shape of a cow.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of the articles on 'Fish Breeding,' and 'Life in London in the Eighteenth Century,' through an accident, must be postponed till next week.

Mr Lowe will hear from the editor.

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